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CRAshaw's "DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES."

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The Delights . . .

of the

Muses

Secular Poems

By

Richard Crashaw. . . .

EDITED BY

J. R. TUTIN,

*Editor of Crashaw's "Carmen Deo Nostro;" "Secular Poems"
by Henry Vaughan: etc., etc.*

Mart. Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agas.

[Crashaw's Motto.]

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Introductory Note.

A desire having been expressed for a collection of Crashaw's non-sacred pieces, the present volume is offered as supplying the unquestionable *desideratum*.

For information about the Poet and his works we would refer the reader to our fuller edition recently issued, and for the present occasion confine ourselves to the productions contained herein, and to what follows as appendix to this edition of the secular poems.

We can readily understand and appreciate the wish for the pieces herein contained: productions free from questionable theology and even questionable taste. Without breaking from our previously expressed opinion that Crashaw is at his highest in his sacred verse—as indeed we believe is the opinion of the best critics—we can yet on several worthy grounds place these “Delights of the Muses,” for fancy, delicacy, true poetry, and exquisiteness, in a perfect niche of their own; and while the non-Protestant will prize most those matchless sacred verses contained in “Carmen Deo Nostro” and in “Steps to the Temple,” the more general lover of verse will revel in the ardours and sweetesses of “The Delights of the Muses.” True “Delights” indeed! for who with a receptive soul and delicate sensibility can

withold their admiration for such pieces as “Music’s Duel” and “Wishes,” to name only two of the principal poems of the present publication?

We would now briefly characterize the pieces herein contained. Criticism in the fullest sense we are compelled to refrain from for several reasons.

The pieces have been grouped naturally or sequentially together, and we would offer the following remarks as some slight apology for a fuller characterization and criticism of the several groups.

Music’s Duel, though not strictly an original poem, we could not avoid giving it the primary position in this book. Did but the reader know its Latin original, he would excuse us had we not the example of Crashaw’s first editor in regard to the position of the poem in the collection. We might have given the original Latin poem herein, but for consideration of space, etc. The Poet has transcended his original and made *Music’s Duel* a marvel of sustained vigour, beauty, and music. Other versions are tame beside this one, and we would ask the reader’s forgiveness for dissenting from the gentle-souled Charles Lamb’s estimate of Crashaw’s poem, an implied estimate, let us say, pronounced in his note to Ford’s version (in *Lover’s Melancholy*) of the same pathetic and beautiful story.

To the Morning and *On a Foul Morning* may be connected as pieces in which our poet deals with nature. He is more picturesque than descriptive, and an interesting

comparison might be made betwixt him and his contemporaries, Vaughan and Herbert, in this connection.

Wishes: a well-known poem, but in an abridged form as given in several of our best anthologies. The reader we hope will prefer it in its entirety as herein printed, in spite of certain editors' claims that they have brought it, by condensation, into better lyrical unity. When the thoughts of such a poet are precious, we are loth to lose a single line. It is Crashaw's best love-poem, and fitly heralds forth his exquisite *Love's Horoscope*, the last two stanzas of which are a perfect marvel of verbal melody.

The Elegiac Poems and Epitaphs are worthy of especial note among the literature of his (Crashaw's) time. They display true feeling, grace, fancy, and truth, while most of his contemporaries wrote theirs from the head rather than the heart. The poems on Herrys we would draw especial attention to in this regard.

The collection of Translations (for the first time grouped together) need not be specially commented upon. They are worthy of the Poet of *Music's Duel*, and that is no small praise.

The Epigrams—especially that on Ford's “Two Tragedies”—are surely pointed and excellent.

That hardly covers the entire ground, but we desire to be brief, and not speak with too great authority upon any of these productions. Our few remarks are merely intended to whet the appetite of the preface-reader for the entire feast, and we wish him an intellectual repast in

perusing what hitherto has, for the most part, been given either in emasculated form, or presented with so many misprints and inferior readings, that the student of our literature has rarely been able to know the true Crashaw as he is shown to us in the early editions, from which the present one is prepared—to wit, that of 1648.

The present book omits the Latin and Greek pieces contained in the edition of 1648, but otherwise it is a careful reprint, in modernized spelling, of that rare little tome, a copy of which is in the editor's collection.

We would now, in conclusion, speak of our humble little labour in endeavouring to show Crashaw as a quoted and quotable bard. The collection may be a revelation to many who have rarely seen the Poet quoted, save in that epigram on the miracle at Cana in Galilee. We make no apology for this part of our volume, for we think it needs none. “Jewels five words long”—to quote our late Laureate—are always precious, and should be doubly so from an “inheritor of unfulfilled renown,” as we contend Crashaw to be.

The nominal price put upon this small edition will, we trust, have its due effect in making these poems known to the lover of our choice old poetry, and possibly create a desire for a larger measure of music from the same poetic store.

J. R. TUTIN.

Gt. Fencote, near Bedale,
Yorks., August 30th, 1899.

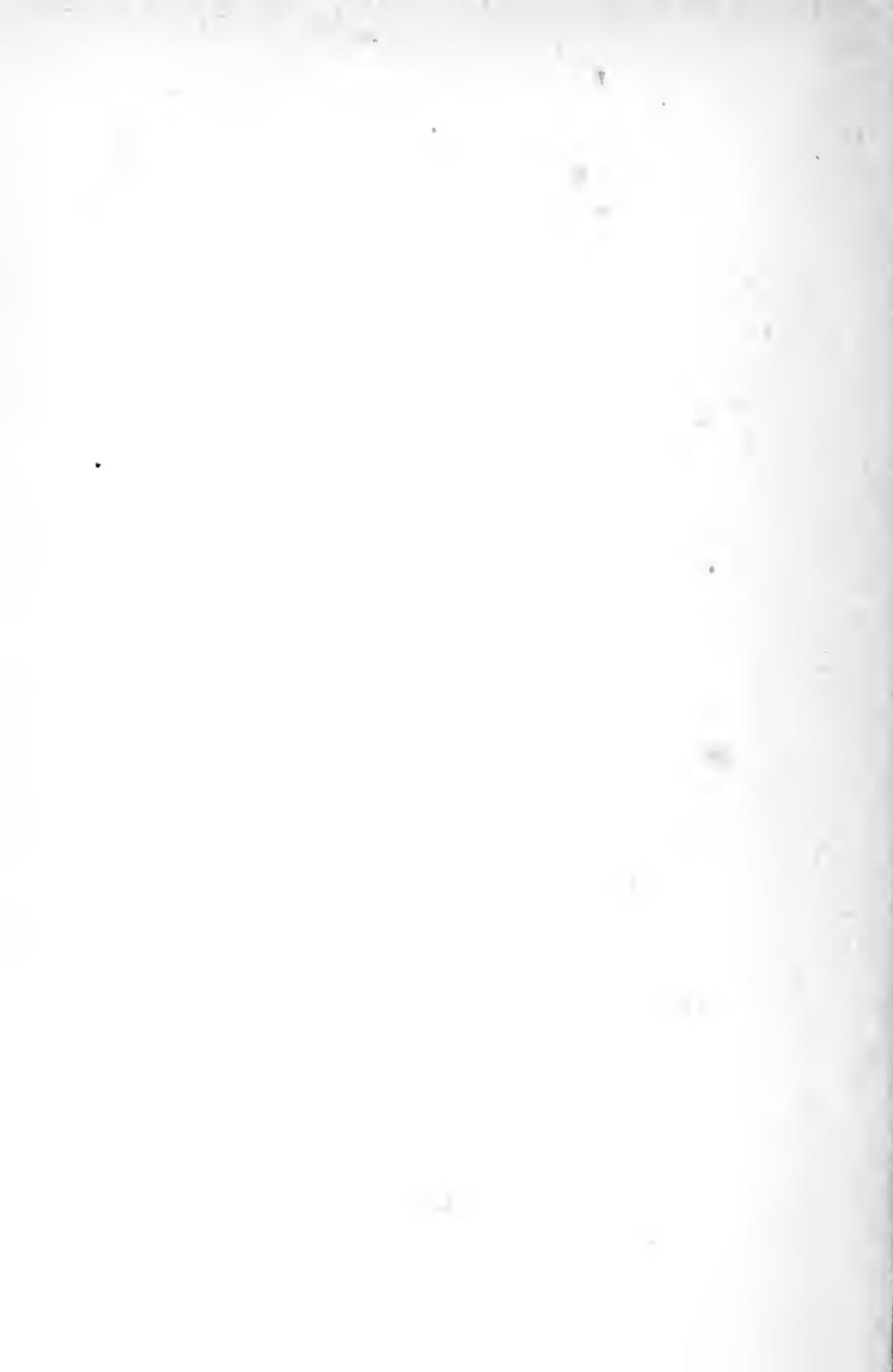
THE
DELIGHTS
OF THE
MUSES.
OR,

Other Poems written on
feverall occasions.

By Richard Crashaw, *sometimes of Pembroke Hall, and late Fellow of St. Peters Colledge in Cambridge.*

Mart. Dic mihi quid melius defidiosus agas.

LONDON,
Printed by T. W. for H. Mofeley, at
the Princes Armes in S. Pauls
Church-yard, 1648.



The Delights of the Muses.

Music's Ducl.

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of Noon's high glory, when, hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak, there sat
A sweet lute's-master, in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.

Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood,
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their Muse, their Syren—harmless Syren she !)
There stood she list'ning, and did entertain
The music's soft report, and mould the same
In her own murmurs, that whatever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good.
The man perceived his rival and her art ;
Disposed to give the light-foot lady sport,
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informs it, in a sweet præludium
Of closer strains, and, ere the war begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string

Charged with a flying touch ; and straightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions
Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know,
By that shrill taste, she could do something too.

His nimble hands' instinct then taught each string
A cap'ring cheerfulness, and made them sing
To their own dance ; now negligently rash
He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash
Blends all together ; then distinctly trips
From this to that, then quick returning skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, everywhere
Meets art with art ; sometimes, as if in doubt,
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note,
Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
A clear unwrinkled song ; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it
By short diminutives, that being rear'd
In controverting warbles evenly shared,
With her sweet self she wrangles. He, amazed
That from so small a channel should be raised
The torrent of a voice whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet, that tickled with rare art
The tattling strings (each breathing in his part)

Most kindly do fall out ; the grumbling base
In surly groans disdains the treble's grace ;
The high-perch'd treble chirps at this, and chides,
Until his finger (Moderator) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all,
Hoarse, shrill, at once ; as when the trumpets call
Hot Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands ; this lesson too
She gives him back ; her supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill
The pliant series of her slippery song ;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thundering volleys float,
And roll themselves over her lubric throat
In panting murmurs, 'still'd out of her breast,
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugar'd nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
Bathing in streams of liquid melody ;
Music's best seed-plot ; when in ripen'd airs
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, plough'd by her breath,
Which there reciprocally laboureth
In that sweet soil ; it seems a holy choir
Founded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre ;
Whose silver-roof rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swill their throats

In cream of morning Helicon, and then
Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their matins sing :
(Most Divine service) whose so early lay
Prevents the eyelids of the blushing Day !
There might you hear her kindle her soft voice
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise,
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream, so long,
Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the fledged notes at length forsake their nest,
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
She opes the floodgate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the waved back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train ;
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note,
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of War's hoarse bird
Her little soul is ravish'd, and so pour'd
Into loose ecstasies, that she is placed
Above herself, Music's Enthusiast.

Shame now and anger mixed a double stain
In the Musician's face ; ' Yet once again
(Mistress) I come ; now reach a strain, my lute,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute ;
Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy ;'
So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings :
The sweet-lipp'd sisters, musically frightened,
Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted :
Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs
Of his own breath : which married to his lyre
Doth tune the spheres, and make Heaven's self look higher.
From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels Music's pulse in all her arteries ;
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads.
Following those little rills, he sinks into
A sea of Helicon ; his hand does go
Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,
Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.
The humorous strings expound his learn'd touch
By various glosses ; now they seem to grutch,
And murmur in a buzzing din, then gingle
In shrill-tongued accents, striving to be single ;
Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke
Gives life to some new grace ; thus doth h' invoke

Sweetness by all her names ; thus, bravely thus,
(Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
The Lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heaved on the surges of swollen rhapsodies,
Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air
With flash of high-born fancies ; here and there
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone ;
Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild airs
Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares,
Because those precious mysteries that dwell
In Music's ravish'd soul he dares not tell,
But whisper to the world : thus do they vary
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
Their Master's blest soul (snatch'd out at his ears
By a strong ecstasy) through all the spheres
Of Music's heaven ; and seat it there on high
In th' empyrean of pure harmony.
At length (after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
Of blest variety, attending on
His fingers' fairest revolution,
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
A full-mouth'd diapason swallows all.

This done, he lists what she would say to this,
And she (although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat),
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.

Alas ! in vain ! for while (sweet soul !) she tries
 To measure all those wild diversities
 Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
 Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone ;
 She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies.
 She dies : and leaves her life the Victor's prize,
 Falling upon his lute : O, fit to have
 (That lived so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave !

—:o:—

To the Morning :

SATISFACTION FOR SLEEP.

What succour can I hope the Muse will send
 Whose drowsiness hath wrong'd the Muses' friend ?
 What hope, Aurora, to propitiate thee,
 Unless the Muse sing my apology ?
 O in that morning of my shame ! when I
 Lay folded up in sleep's captivity,
 How at the sight didst thou draw back thine eyes
 Into thy modest veil ! how didst thou rise
 Twice dyed in thine own blushes, and didst run
 To draw the curtains, and awake the sun !
 Who, rousing his illustrious tresses, came,
 And seeing the loath'd object, hid for shame
 His head in thy fair bosom, and still hides
 Me from his patronage ; I pray, he chides ;

And pointing to dull Morpheus, bids me take
My own Apollo, try if I can make
His Lethe be my Helicon : and see
If Morpheus have a Muse to wait on me.
Hence 'tis, my humble fancy finds no wings,
No nimble rapture starts to Heaven, and brings
Enthusiastic flames, such as can give
Marrow to my plump genius, make it live
Drest in the glorious madness of a Muse,
Whose feet can walk the Milky-way, and choose
Her starry throne ; whose holy heats can warm
The grave, and hold up an exalted arm
To lift me from my lazy urn, to climb
Upon the stooping shoulders of old Time,
And trace Eternity—But all is dead,
All these delicious hopes are buriéd
In the deep wrinkles of his angry brow,
Where Mercy cannot find them : but O thou
Bright lady of the Morn ! pity doth lie
So warm in thy soft breast, it cannot die.
Have mercy then, and when he next shall rise,
O meet the angry God, invade his eyes,
And stroke his radiant cheeks ; one timely kiss
Will kill his anger, and revive my bliss.
So to the treasure of thy pearly dew
Thrice will I pay three tears, to show how true
My grief is ; so my wakeful lay shall knock
At th' oriental gates, and duly mock

The early larks' shrill orizons, to be
An anthem at the Day's nativity.
And the same rosy-finger'd hand of thine,
That shuts Night's dying eyes, shall open mine.

'But thou, faint God of Sleep, forget that I
Was ever known to be thy votary.
No more my pillow shall thine altar be,
Nor will I offer any more to thee
Myself a melting sacrifice ; I'm born
Again a fresh child of the buxom Morn,
Heir of the sun's first beams ; why threat'st thou so !
Why dost thou shake thy leaden sceptre ? Go,
Bestow thy poppy upon wakeful Woe,
Sickness, and Sorrow, whose pale lids ne'er know
Thy downy finger ; dwell upon their eyes,
Shut in their tears : shut out their miseries.

—:o:—

On a Foul Morning, being then to take a Journey.

Where art thou, Sol, while thus the blindfold Day
Staggers out of the East, loses her way,
Stumbling on Night ? Rouse thee, illustrious youth,
And let no dull mists choke thy Light's fair growth.
Point here thy beams ; O, glance on yonder flocks,
And make their fleeces golden as thy locks !
Unfold thy fair front, and there shall appear

Full glory flaming in her own free sphere.
Gladness shall clothe the Earth, we will instile
The face of things an universal smile :
Say to the sullen Morn thou com'st to court her,
And wilt demand proud Zephyrus to sport her
With wanton gales ; his balmy breath shall lick
The tender drops which tremble on her cheek ;
Which rarified, and in a gentle rain
On those delicious banks distill'd again,
Shall rise in a sweet Harvest, which discloses
Two ever-blushing bed[s] of new-born roses.
He'll fan her bright locks, teaching them to flow,
And frisk in curl'd meanders : he will throw
A fragrant breath suck'd from the spicy nest
O' th' precious phoenix, warm upon her breast.
He with a dainty and soft hand will trim
And brush her azure mantle, which shall swim
In silken volumes ; wheresoe'er she'll tread
Bright clouds like golden fleeces shall be spread.

Rise then (fair blue-eyed maid !) rise and discover
Thy silver brow, and meet thy golden lover.
See how he runs, with what a hasty flight,
Into thy bosom, bath'd with liquid light.
Fly, fly profane fogs, far hence fly away,
Taint not the pure streams of the springing Day,
With your dull influence ; it is for you
To sit and scowl upon Night's heavy brow,
Not on the fresh cheeks of the virgin Morn,

Where naught but smiles and ruddy joys are worn.
Fly then, and do not think with her to stay ;
Let it suffice, she'll wear no mask to-day.

—:o:—

Wishes.

To HIS (SUPPOSED) MISTRESS.

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible She
That shall command my heart and me ;

Where'er she lie,
Lock'd up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny :

Till that ripe Birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps tread our earth ;

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine :

Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd, my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty,
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie,—

Something more than
Taffeta or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan,—

More than the spoil
Of shop, or silkworm's toil,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile ;

A Face that's best
By its own beauty dress'd,
And can alone commend the rest,—

A Face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope ;

A Cheek where youth
And blood, with pen of Truth
Write what their reader sweetly ru'lh,—

A Cheek where grows
More than a morning rose,
Which to no box [its] being owes ;

Lips, where all day
A lover's kiss may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away ;

Looks that oppress
Their richest tires, but dress
Themselves in simple nakedness ;

Eyes, that displace
The neighbour diamond, and out-face
That sunshine by their own sweet grace ;

Tresses, that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themselves more precious are,—

Whose native ray
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems that in their bright shades play,—

Each ruby there
Or pearl that dare appear,
Be its own blush, be its own tear ;

A well-tamed Heart
For whose more noble smart
Love may be long choosing a dart ;

Eyes that bestow
Full quivers on Love's bow,
Yet pay less arrows than they owe ;

Smiles that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm
That chastity shall take no harm ;

Blushes that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of aught too hot within ;

Joys that confess
Virtue their Mistress,
And have no other head to dress ;

Fears fond, and flight,
As the coy bride's when night
First does the longing lover right ;

Tears quickly fled
And vain, as those are shed
For a dying maidenhead ;

Days that need borrow
No part of their good Morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow,—

Days that, in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night ;

Nights sweet as they,
Made short by lovers' play,
Yet long by the absence of the day ;

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say—Welcome, friend !

Sidneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers ;

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers ;
'bove all, nothing within that lours ;

Whate'er delight
Can make Day's forehead bright
Or give down to the wings of Night.

In her whole frame
Have Nature all the name,
Art and Ornament the shame !

Her flattery
Picture and Poesy :
Her counsel her own virtue be.

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes ; and I wish—no more.

Now if Time knows
That Her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows,

Her whose just bays
My future hopes can raise
A trophy to her present praise,

Her that dares be
What these lines wish to see :
I seek no further—it is She,

'Tis She, and here
Lo ! I unclothe and clear
My Wishes' cloudy character.

May She enjoy it
Whose merit dare[s] apply it
But Modesty dares still deny it !

Such Worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies ! fly before ye !
Be you my fictions, but Her Story !

—:o:—

Love's Horoscope.

Love, brave Virtue's younger Brother,
Erst hath made my heart a mother ;
She consults the conscious Spheres
To calculate her young son's years.
She asks if sad or saving powers
Gave omen to his infant hours ;
She asks each star that then stood by
If poor Love shall live or die.

Ah ! my heart, is that the way ?
Are these the beams that rule thy day ?

Thou know'st a face, in whose each look,
 Beauty lays ope Love's fortune-book,
 On whose fair revolutions wait
 The obsequious motions of Love's fate ;
 Ah ! my heart, her eyes and she
 Have taught thee new astrology.
 Howe'er Love's native hours were set,
 Whatever starry synod met,
 'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
 If poor Love shall live or die.

If those sharp rays, putting on
 Points of death, bid Love be gone,
 (Though the Heavens in counsel sate,
 To crown an uncontrollèd fate,
 Though their best aspects twined upon
 The kindest constellation,
 Cast amorous glances on his birth,
 And whisper'd the confed'rate Earth
 To pave his paths with all the good
 That warms the bed of youth and blood,)
 Love has no plea against her eye :
 Beauty frowns, and Love must die.

But if her milder influence move,
 And gild the hopes of humble Love :
 (Though Heaven's inauspicious eye
 Lay black on Love's nativity ;

Though every diamond in Jove's crown
Fixed his forehead to a frown,)
Her eye a strong appeal can give,
Beauty smiles, and Love shall live.

O if Love shall live, O, where
But in her eye, or in her ear,
In her breast, or in her breath,
Shall I hide poor Love from Death ?
For in the life aught else can give,
Love shall die, although he live.

Or if Love shall die, O, where,
But in her eye, or in her ear,
In her breath, or in her breast,
Shall I build his funeral nest ?
While Love shall thus entombed lie,
Love shall live, although he die.

—:o:—

Upon the Death of a Gentleman.

Faithless and fond Mortality !
Who will ever credit thee ?
Fond and faithless thing ! that thus,
In our best hopes beguilest us.
What a reckoning hast thou made,
Of the hopes in him we laid ?

For life by volumes lengthenéd,
A line or two to speak him dead.
For the laurel in his verse
The sullen cypress o'er his hearse.
For a silver-crownéd head
A dirty pillow in Death's bed.
For so dear, so deep a trust,
Sad requital, thus much dust !

Now though the blow that snatch him hence
Stopp'd the mouth of Eloquence,
Though she be dumb e'er since his death,
Not used to speak but in his breath,
Yet if at least she not denies
The sad language of our eyes,
We are contented : for than this
Language none more fluent is.

Nothing speaks our grief so well
As to speak nothing. Come then, tell
Thy mind in tears, whoe'er thou be
That ow'st a name to misery :
Eyes are vocal, tears have tongues,
And there be words not made with lungs ;
Sententious showers, O, let them fall,
Their cadence is rhetorical.
Here's a theme will drink th' expense
Of all thy watery eloquence ;
Weep then, only be exprest
Thus much : He's dead ; and weep the rest.

Upon the Death of Mr. Berrys.

A plant of noble stem, forward and fair,
As ever whisper'd to the morning air,
Thrived in these happy grounds, the Earth's just pride,
Whose rising glories made such haste to hide
His head in clouds, as if in him alone
Impatient Nature had taught motion
To start from Time, and cheerfully to fly
Before, and seize upon Maturity.
Thus grew this gracious plant, in whose sweet shade
The sun himself oft wish'd to sit, and made
The morning Muses perch like birds, and sing
Among his branches : yea, and vow'd to bring
His own delicious phoenix from the blest
Arabia, there to build her virgin nest,
To hatch herself in ; 'mongst his leaves, the Day,
Fresh from the rosy East, rejoiced to play ;
To them she gave the first and fairest beam
That waited on her birth : she gave to them
The purest pearls, that wept her evening death ;
The balmy Zephyrus got so sweet a breath
By often kissing them ; and now begun
Glad Time to ripen Expectation.
The timorous maiden-blossoms on each bough
Peeped forth from their first blushes ; so that now
A thousand ruddy hopes smiled in each bud,
And flatter'd every greedy eye that stood

Fixed in delight, as if already there
Those rare fruits dangled, whence the golden Year
His crown expected, when (O Fate ! O Time !
That seldom lett'st a blushing youthful prime
Hide his hot beams in shade of silver Age,
So rare is hoary Virtue) the dire rage
Of a mad storm these bloomy joys all tore,
Ravish'd the maiden blossoms, and down bore
The trunk. Yet in this ground his precious root
Still lives, which when weak Time shall be poured out
Into Eternity, and circular joys
Dance in an endless round, again shall rise
The fair son of an ever-youthful Spring,
To be a shade for angels while they sing.
Meanwhile, whoe'er thou art that passest here,
O do thou water it with one kind tear !

—:o:—

Upon the Death of the most desired Mr. Herrys.

Death, what dost ? O, hold thy blow,
What thou dost thou dost not know.
Death, thou must not here be cruel,
This is Nature's choicest jewel :
This is he, in whose rare frame
Nature labour'd for a name :
And meant to leave his precious feature

The pattern of a perfect creature.
Joy of Goodness, Love of Art,
Virtue wears him next her heart.
Him the Muses love to follow,
Him they call their vice-Apollo.
Apollo, golden though thou be,
Th' art not fairer than is he,
Nor more lovely lift'st thy head,
(Blushing) from thine Eastern bed.
The glories of thy youth ne'er knew
Brighter hopes than he can shew,
Why then should it e'er be seen
That his should fade, while thine is green ?
And wilt thou (O, cruel boast !)
Put poor Nature to such cost ?
O, 'twill undo our common mother,
To be at charge of such another.
What ? think we to no other end
Gracious heavens do use to send
Earth her best perfection,
But to vanish, and be gone ?
Therefore only given to-day,
To-morrow to be snatch'd away ?

I've seen indeed the hopeful bud
Of a ruddy rose that stood
Blushing, to behold the ray
Of the new-saluted Day :
(His tender top not fully spread)

The sweet dash of a shower new-shed
Invited him no more to hide
Within himself the purple pride
Of his forward flower, when lo
While he sweetly 'gan to show
His swelling glories, Auster spied him,
Cruel Auster thither hied him,
And with the rush of one rude blast,
Shamed not spitefully to waste
All his leaves, so fresh, so sweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet.

I've seen the Morning's lovely ray
Hover o'er the new-born Day
With rosy wings so richly bright
As if he scorned to think of Night ;
When a rugged storm whose scowl
Made heaven's radiant face look foul,
Called for an untimely night
To blot the newly-blossomed light.
But were the rose's blush so rare,
Were the Morning's smile so fair,
As is he, nor cloud, nor wind
But would be courteous, would be kind.

Spare him, Death ! O spare him then,
Spare the sweetest among men !
Let not Pity, with her tears,
Keep such distance from thine ears ;
But O ! thou wilt not, canst not spare,

Haste hath never time to hear.
Therefore if he needs must go,
And the Fates will have it so,
Softly may he be possessed
Of his monumental rest.
Safe, thou dark home of the dead,
Safe, O hide his lovéd head.
For Pity's sake, O, hide him quite
From his mother Nature's sight ;
Lest for grief his loss may move
All her births abortive prove.

—:o:—

Another.

If ever Pity were acquainted
With stern Death, if e'er he fainted,
Or forgot the cruel vigour,
Of an adamantine rigour,
Here, O here we should have known it,
Here, or nowhere, he'd have shown it.
For he whose precious memory
Bathes in tears of every eye :
He to whom our sorrow brings
All the streams of all her springs,
Was so rich in grace and nature,
In all the gifts that bless a creature,
The fresh hopes of his lovely youth

Flourish'd in so fair a growth ;
So sweet the temple was, that shrined
The sacred sweetness of his mind ;
That could the Fates know to relent,
Could they know what mercy meant,
Or had ever learn'd to bear
The soft tincture of a tear,
Tears would now have flowed so deep,
As might have taught Grief how to weep.
Now all their steely operation,
Would quite have lost the cruel fashion.
Sickness would have gladly been
Sick himself to have saved him ;
And his fever wished to prove
Burning only in his love.
Him when Wrath itself had seen
Wrath itself had lost his spleen.
Grim Destruction here amazed,
Instead of striking, would have gazed.
Even the iron-pointed pen,
That notes the tragic dooms of men,
Wet with tears 'still'd from the eyes
Of the flinty Destinies,
Would have learned a softer style,
And have been ashamed to spoil
His life's sweet story, by the haste
Of a cruel stop ill-placed.
In the dark volume of our fate,

Whence each leaf of life hath date,
Where in sad particulars
The total sum of man appears ;
And the short clause of mortal breath,
Bound in the period of Death :
In all the book, if anywhere
Such a term as this, *Spare here*,
Could have been found, 'twould have been read,
Writ in white letters o'er his head :
Or close unto his name annexed,
The fair gloss of a fairer text.
In brief, if any one were free,
He was that one, and only he.

But he, alas ! even he is dead,
And our hopes' fair harvest spread
In the dust ! Pity, now spend
All the tears that Grief can lend.
Sad Mortality may hide
In his ashes all her pride ;
With this inscription o'er his head :
All hope of never dying here is dead.

—:o:—

This Epitaph.

Passenger, whoe'er thou art,
Stay awhile, and let thy heart
Take acquaintance of this stone,
Before thou passest further on ;

This stone will tell thee, that beneath
Is entombed the crime of Death ;
The ripe endowments of whose mind
Left his years so much behind,
That numbering of his virtues' praise,
Death lost the reckoning of his days ;
And believing what they told,
Imagined him exceeding old.
In him Perfection did set forth
The strength of her united worth ;
Him his wisdom's pregnant growth
Made so reverend, even in youth,
That in the centre of his breast
(Sweet as is the phœnix' nest)
Every reconciled grace
Had their general meeting-place.
In him Goodness joy'd to see
Learning learn humility ;
The splendour of his birth and blood
Was but the gloss of his own good.
The flourish of his sober youth
Was the pride of naked truth.
In composure of his face
Lived a fair, but manly grace ;
His mouth was Rhetoric's best mould,
His tongue the touchstone of her gold ;
What word soe'er his breath kept warm,
Was no word now but a charm :

For all persuasive Graces thence
Sucked their sweetest influence.
His virtue that within had root,
Could not choose but shine without ;
And th' heart-bred lustre of his worth,
At each corner peeping forth,
Pointed him out in all his ways,
Circled round in his own rays :
That to his sweetness all men's eyes
Were vow'd Love's flaming sacrifice.

Him while fresh and fragrant Time
Cherish'd in his golden prime ;
Ere Hebe's hand had overlaid
His smooth cheeks with a downy shade ;
The rush of Death's unruly wave
Swept him off into his grave.

Enough, now (if thou canst) pass on,
For now (alas !) not in this stone
(Passenger, whoe'er thou art)
Is he entomb'd, but in thy heart.

—:o:—

An Epitaph upon Doctor Brook.

A Brook, whose stream so great, so good,
Was loved, was honour'd as a flood :
Whose banks the Muses dwelt upon,
More than their own Helicon ;

Here at length hath gladly found
A quiet passage under ground ;
Meanwhile his lovèd banks, now dry,
The Muses with their tears supply.

—:o:—

An Epitaph upon Mr. Ashton, a Conformable Citizen.

The modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, Reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can,
Here lies a truly honest man.
One whose conscience was a thing
That troubled neither Church nor King.
One of those few that in this town
Honour all Preachers, hear their own.
Sermons he heard, yet not so many
As left no time to practise any.
He heard them reverently, and then
His practice preached them o'er again.
His Parlour-Sermons rather were
Those to the eye than to the ear.
His prayers took their price and strength
Not from the loudness, nor the length.
He was a Protestant at home
Not only in despite of Rome.
He loved his Father ; yet his zeal

Tore not off his Mother's veil.
To th' Church he did allow her dress,
True Beauty, to true Holiness.
Peace, which he loved in life, did lend
Her hand to bring him to his end.
When Age and Death called for the score
No surfeits were to reckon for.
Death tore not—therefore—but sans strife
Gently untwined his thread of life.
What remains then but that thou
Write these lines, Reader, in thy brow,
And by his fair example's light
Burn in thy imitation bright.
So while these lines can but bequeath
A life perhaps unto his death ;
His better Epitaph shall be
His life still kept alive in thee.

—:o:—

At the Funeral of a Young Gentleman.

Dear reliques of a dislodged soul, whose lack
Makes many a mourning paper put on black !
O stay a while ere thou draw in thy head,
And wind thyself up close in thy cold bed :
Stay but a little while, until I call
A summons worthy of thy funeral.
Come then Youth, Beauty, and Blood, all ye soft powers

Whose silken flatteries swell a few fond hours
Into a false Eternity ; Come man,
Hyperbolizèd Nothing ! know thy span ;
Take thine own measure here : down, down, and bow
Before thyself in thine Idea, thou
Huge emptiness ! Contract thy self, and shrink
All thy wide circle to a point. O sink
Lower and lower yet, till thy lean size
Call Heaven to look on thee with narrow eyes ;
Lesser and lesser yet, till thou begin
To show a face fit to confess thy kin,
Thy neighbourhood to nothing.
Proud looks and lofty eye-lids, here put on
Yourselves in your unfeigned reflexion.
Here, gallant ladies ! this unpartial glass
—Though you be painted—shews you your true face.
Those death-seal'd lips are they dare give the lie
To the loud boasts of poor Mortality.
Those curtain'd windows, this retirèd eye,
Out-stares the lids of large-looked Tyranny.
This posture is the brave one : this that lies
Thus low, stands up (methinks) thus, and defies
The world——
All-daring dust and ashes ! only you,
Of all interpreters, read Nature true.

An Epitaph upon a Young Married Couple dead and buried together.

To these, whom Death again did wed,
This grave's their second marriage-bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force,
'Twixt soul and body, a divorce,
It could not sunder man and wife,
'Cause they both lived but one life.
Peace, good Reader, do not weep ;
Peace, the lovers are asleep :
They (sweet Turtles) folded lie
In the last knot Love could tie.
And though they lie as they were dead,
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead ;
(Pillow hard and sheets not warm)
Love made the bed, they'll take no harm.
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone,
And th' eternal morrow dawn,
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into that Light
Whose Day shall never die in Night.

In Praise of Lessius' Rule of Health.

Go now, and with some daring drug
Bait thy disease, and while they tug,
Thou to maintain their precious strife,
Spend the dear treasure of thy life ;
Go, take physic, dote upon
Some big-named composition,
The oraculous doctors' mystic bills,
Certain hard words made into pills ;
And what at last shall gain by these ?
Only a costlier disease.
That which makes us have no need
Of physic, that's physic indeed.

Hark hither, Reader ; wilt thou see
Nature her own physician be ?
Wilt see a man all his own wealth,
His own physic, his own health ?
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well ?—
Her garments that upon her sit,
As garments should do, close and fit ?
A well-clothed soul, that's not opprest
Nor choked with what she should be drest ?
A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine
Through which all her bright features shine ?
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aerial veil is drawn

O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shows the blushing bride.
A soul whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy steams ?
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven, rides in a summer's day ?
Would'st see a man whose well-warmed blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood,
A man whose tunèd humours be
A set of rarest harmony ;
Would'st see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile
Age, would'st see December smile ?
Would'st see nests of new Roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow ?
Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering
Winter's self into a spring ?

In sum, would'st see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man ?
Whose latest and most leaden hours,
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers
And, when Life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends :
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay,
A kiss, a sigh, and so away ?
This rare one, Reader, would'st thou see,
Hark hither : and thyself be he !

To the Queen:

AN APOLOGY FOR THE LENGTH OF THE FOLLOWING
PANEGYRIC.

When you are mistress of the song,
 Mighty queen, to think it long,
 Were treason 'gainst that majesty
 Your Virtue wears. Your modesty
 Yet thinks it so. But even that too
 (Infinite, since part of you)
 New matter for our Muse supplies,
 And so allows what it denies.
 Say then, dread queen, how may we do
 To mediate 'twixt yourself and you?
 That so our sweetly-temper'd song
 Nor be too short, nor seem too long,
 Needs must your noble praises' strength,
 That made it long, excuse the length.

—:o:—

To the Queen;

UPON HER NUMEROUS PROGENY: A PANEGYRIC.

Britain! the mighty Ocean's lovely bride!
 Now stretch thyself (fair Isle) and grow; spread wide
 Thy bosom, and make room. Thou art opprest
 With thine own glories: and art strangely blest

Beyond thyself : for, lo ! the gods, the gods
Come fast upon thee ; and those glorious odds
Swell thy full glories to a pitch so high
As sits above thy best capacity.

Are they not odds ? and glorious ? that to thee
Those mighty genii throng, which well might be
Each one an age's labour, that thy days
Are gilded with the union of those rays
Whose each divided beam would be a sun,
To glad the sphere of any nation ?
Sure if for these thou mean'st to find a seat,
Th' hast need, O Britain ! to be truly great.

And so thou art ; their presence makes thee so :
They are thy greatness. Gods, where'er they go,
Bring their Heaven with them ; their great footsteps place
An everlasting smile upon the face
Of the glad earth they tread on ; while with thee
Those beams that ampiate mortality,
And teach it to expatiate, and swell
To majesty and fulness, deign to dwell ;
Thou by thyself may'st sit (blest Isle), and see
How thy great mother Nature doats on thee :
Thee therefore from the rest apart she hurl'd,
And seem'd to make an Isle, but made a world.

Time yet hath dropt few plumes since Hope turned Joy,
And took into his arms the princely Boy,
Whose birth last blest the bed of his sweet mother,
And bade us first salute our prince, a brother.

The Prince and Duke of York.

Bright Charles ! thou sweet dawn of a glorious day !
Centre of those thy grandsires (shall I say
Henry and James ? or Mars and Phœbus rather ?
If this were Wisdom's god, that War's stern father,
'Tis but the same is said, Henry and James
Are Mars and Phœbus under divers names).
O thou full mixture of those mighty souls
Whose vast intelligences tuned the poles
Of peace and war ; thou for whose manly brow
Both laurels twine into one wreath, and woo
To be thy garland ; see (sweet Prince), O see,
Thou, and the lovely hopes that smile in thee,
Are ta'en out, and transcribed by thy great Mother.
See, see thy real shadow ; see thy brother,
Thy little self in less : trace in these eyne
The beams that dance in those full stars of thine.
From the same snowy alabaster rock
Those hands and thine were hewn ; those cherries mock
The coral of thy lips. Thou wert of all
This well-wrought copy the fair principal.

Lady Mary.

Justly, great Nature, didst thou brag and tell
How even th' hadst drawn that faithful parallel,
And matcht thy master-piece. O then, go on,
Make such another sweet comparison.

See'st thou that Mary there? O, teach her mother
To show her to herself in such another:
Fellow this wonder too, nor let her shine
Alone; light such another star, and twine
Their rosy beams, so that the morn for one
Venus, may have a constellation.

Lady Elizabeth.

These words scarce wakened Heaven, when, lo! our vows
Sat crowned upon the noble infant's brows.
Th' art paired, sweet princess: in this well-writ book
Read o'er thyself; peruse each line, each look.
And when th' hast summed up all those blooming blisses,
Close up the book, and clasp it with thy kisses.

So have I seen (to dress their mistress May)
Two silken sister-flowers consult, and lay
Their bashful cheeks together; newly they
Peeped from their buds, showed like the garden's eyes
Scarce waked: like was the crimson of their joys,
Like were the tears they wept, so like, that one
Seened but the other's kind reflection.

The New-born Prince.

And now 'twere time to say, sweet queen, no more.
Fair source of Princes, is thy precious store
Not yet exhaust? O no! Heavens have no bound,
But in their infinite and endless round
Embrace themselves. Our measure is not theirs;
Nor may the poverty of man's narrow prayers

Span their immensity. More princes come :
Rebellion, stand thou by ; Mischief, make room :
War, blood, and death (names all averse from Joy)
Hear this, we have another bright-eyed boy :
That word's a warrant, by whose virtue I
Have full authority to bid you die.

Die, die, foul misbegotten monsters ! die :
Make haste away, or e'er the World's bright eye
Blush to a cloud of blood. O far from men
Fly hence, and in your Hyperborean den
Hide you for evermore, and murmur there
Where none but Hell may hear, nor our soft air
Shrink at the hateful sound. Meanwhile we bear,
High as the brow of Heaven, the noble noise
And name of these our just and righteous joys,
Where Envy shall not reach them, nor those Ears
Whose tune keeps time to aught below the spheres.

But thou, sweet supernumerary star,
Shine forth ; nor fear the threats of boisterous War.
The face of things has therefore frowned a while
On purpose that to thee and thy pure smile
The World might owe an universal calm ;
While thou, fair halcyon, on a sea of balm
Shalt float ; where, while thou lay'st thy lovely head,
The angry billows shall but make thy bed :
Storms, when they look on thee, shall straight relent ;
And tempests, when they taste thy breath, repent
To whispers, soft as thine own slumbers be,

Or souls of virgins which shall sigh for thee.

Shine then, sweet supernumerary star,
Nor fear the boisterous names of blood and war :
Thy birthday is their death's nativity ;
They've here no other business but to die.

To the Queen.

But stay ; what glimpse was that ? why blusht the Day ?
Why ran the startled air trembling away ?
Who's this that comes circled in rays that scorn
Acquaintance with the Sun ? what second morn
At midday opes a presence which Heaven's eye
Stands off and points at ? Is't some deity
Stept from her throne of stars, deigns to be seen ?
Is it some deity ? or is't our queen ?

'Tis she, 'tis she : her awful beauties chase
The Day's abashèd glories, and in face
Of noon wear their own sunshine. O thou bright
Mistress of wonders ! Cynthia's is the Night ;
But thou at noon dost shine, and art all day
(Nor does thy sun deny 't) our Cynthia.

Illustrious sweetness ! in thy faithful womb,
That nest of heroes, all our hopes find room.
Thou art the mother-phoenix, and thy breast
Chaste as that virgin honour of the East,
But much more fruitful is ; nor does, as she,
Deny to mighty Love, a deity.
Then let the Eastern world brag and be proud

Of one coy phœnix, while we have a brood,
A brood of phœnixes : while we have brother
And sister-phœnixes, and still the mother.

And may we long ! Long may'st thou live t' increase
The house and family of phœnixes.

Nor may the life that gives their eye-lids light
E'er prove the dismal morning of thy night :
Ne'er may a birth of thine be bought so dear
To make his costly cradle of thy bier.

O may'st thou thus make all the year thine own,
And see such names of joy sit white upon
The brow of every month ! and when th' hast done,
May'st in a son of his find every son
Repeated, and that son still in another,
And so in each child, often prove a mother.
Long may'st thou, laden with such clusters, lean
Upon thy royal elm (fair vine !) and when
The heavens will stay no longer, may thy glory
And name dwell sweet in some eternal story !

Pardon, bright Excellence, an untuned string,
That in thy ears thus keeps a murmuring.
O speak a lowly Muse's pardon, speak
Her pardon, or her sentence ; only break
Thy silence. Speak, and she shall take from thence
Numbers and sweetness, and an influence
Confessing thee. Or (if too long I stay)
O speak thou, and my pipe hath nought to say :
For see Apollo all this while stands mute,

Expecting by thy voice to tune his lute.

But gods are gracious ; and their altars make
Precious the offerings that their altars take.
Give them this rural wreath fire from thine eyes ;
This rural wreath dares be thy sacrifice.

—:o:—

Upon Two Green Apricots sent to Cowley by Sir Crashaw.

Take these, Time's tardy truants, sent by me
To be chastised (sweet friend) and chid by thee.
Pale sons of our Pomona ! whose wan cheeks
Have spent the patience of expecting weeks,
Yet are scarce ripe enough at best to show
The red, but of the blush to thee they owe.
By thy comparison they shall put on
More summer in their shame's reflection,
Than e'er the fruitful Phœbus' flaming kisses
Kindled on their cold lips. O had my wishes,
And the dear merits of your Muse, their due,
The year had found some fruit early as you ;
Ripe as those rich composures Time computes
Blossoms, but our blest taste confesses fruits.
How does thy April-Autumn mock these cold
Progressions 'twixt whose terms poor Time grows old !
With thee alone he wears no beard, thy brain
Gives him the morning world's fresh gold again.

'Twas only Paradise, 'tis only thou,
Whose fruit and blossoms both bless the same bough,
Proud in the pattern of thy precious youth,
Nature (methinks) might easily mend her growth.
Could she in all her births but copy thee,
Into the public years' proficiency,
No fruit should have the face to smile on thee
(Young master of the World's maturity)
But such whose sun-born beauties what they borrow
Of beams to-day, pay back again to-morrow,
Nor need be double-gilt. How then must these
Poor fruits look pale at thy Hesperides !
Fain would I chide their slowness, but in their
Defects I draw mine own dull character.
Take them, and me in them acknowledging
How much my Summer waits upon thy Spring.

—:o:—

Upon Bishop Andrews's Picture before his Sermons.

This reverend shadow cast that setting sun,
Whose glorious course through our horizon run,
Left the dim face of this dull hemisphere
All one great eye, all drown'd in one great tear ;
Whose fair illustrious soul led his free thought
Through Learning's universe, and (vainly) sought

Room for her spacious self, until at length
She found the way home with an holy strength,
Snatch'd herself hence to Heaven ; fill'd a bright place
'Mongst those immortal fires, and on the face
Of her great Maker fixed her flaming eye,
There still to read true, pure divinity.
And now that grave aspect hath deign'd to shrink
Into this less appearance. If you think
'Tis but a dead face Art doth here bequeath,
Look on the following leaves, and see him breathe.

—:o:—

Upon the Frontispiece of Mr. Isaacson's Chronology.

Let hoary Time's vast bowels be the grave
To what his bowels' birth and being gave ;
Let Nature die, and (Phoenix-like) from death
Revived Nature take a second breath ;
If on Time's right hand sit fair History,
If, from the seed of empty Ruin, she
Can raise so fair an harvest, let her be
Ne'er so far distant, yet Chronology
(Sharp-sighted as the eagle's eye, that can
Out-stare the broad-beam'd Day's meridian)
Will have a perspicil to find her out,
And, through the night of error and dark doubt,

Discern the dawn of Truth's eternal ray,
As when the rosy Morn buds into day.

Now that Time's empire might be amply fill'd,
Babel's bold artists strive (below) to build
Ruin a temple, on whose fruitful fall
History rears her pyramids, more tall
Than were th' Ægyptian (by the life these give
Th' Egyptian pyramids themselves must live) ;
On these she lifts the world, and on their base
Shows the two terms and limits of Time's race :
That the Creation is, the Judgment this ;
That the World's morning ; this, her midnight is.

—:o:—

With a Picture sent to a Friend.

I paint so ill, my piece had need to be
Painted again by some good poesy.
I write so ill, my slender line is scarce
So much as th' picture of a well-limn'd verse :
Yet may the love I send be true, though I
Send nor true picture nor true poesy :
Both which away, I should not need to fear
My love, or feign'd, or painted should appear.

—:o:—

Translations.

OUT OF VIRGIL.

IN THE PRAISE OF THE SPRING.

All trees, all leafy groves confess the Spring
Their gentlest friend ; then, then the lands begin
To swell with forward pride, and feed desire
To generation ; Heaven's Almighty Sire
Melts on the bosom of His love, and pours
Himself into her lap in fruitful showers,
And by a soft insinuation, mixt
With Earth's large mass, doth cherish and assist
Her weak conceptions ; no lone shade, but rings
With chatt'ring birds' delicious murmurings.
Then Venus' mild instinct (at set times) yields
The herds to kindly meetings, then the fields
(Quick with warm zephyr's lively breath) lay forth
Their pregnant bosoms in a fragrant birth.
Each body's plump and juicy, all things full
Of supple moisture : no coy twig but will
Trust his belovèd blossom to the sun
(Grown lusty now) ; no vine so weak and young
That fears the foul-mouth'd Auster, or those storms
That the south-west wind hurries in his arms,
But hastens her forward blossoms, and lays out,
Freely lays out her leaves ; nor do I doubt
But when the world first out of chaos sprang,
So smiled the Days, and so the tenour ran

Of their felicity. A spring was there,
An everlasting spring, the jolly year
Led round in his great circle ; no wind's breath
As then did smell of Winter, or of Death ;
When Life's sweet light first shone on beasts, and when
From their hard mother Earth sprang hardy men ;
When beasts took up their lodging in the wood,
Stars in their higher chambers : never could
The tender growth of things endure the sense
Of such a change, but that the Heavens' indulgence
Kindly supplies sick Nature, and doth mould
A sweetly-temper'd mean, nor hot nor cold.

THE BEGINNING OF HELIODORUS.

The smiling Morn had newly waked the Day,
And tipped the mountains with a tender ray :
When on a hill (whose high, imperious brow
Looks down, and sees the humble Nile below
Lick his proud feet, and haste into the seas
Through the great mouth that's named from Hercules)
A band of men, rough as the arms they wore,
Look'd round, first to the sea, then to the shore :
The shore that shew'd them what the sea denied—
Hope of a prey. There, to the mainland tied,
A ship they saw, no men she had ; yet prest
Appear'd with other lading, for her breast
Deep in the groaning waters wallowed
Up to the third ring ; o'er the shore was spread

Death's purple triumph ; on the blushing ground
Life's late forsaken houses all lay drown'd
In their own blood's dear deluge, some new dead,
Some panting in their yet warm ruins bled ;
While their affrighted souls, now wing'd for flight,
Lent them the last flash of her glimm'ring light.
Those yet fresh streams, which crawlèd everywhere,
Showed that stern War had newly bathed him there.
Nor did the face of this disaster show
Marks of a fight alone, but feasting too :
A miserable and a monstrous feast,
Where hungry War had made himself a guest ;
And, coming late, had eat up guests and all,
Who proved the feast to their own funeral, etc.

OUT OF THE GREEK—CUPID'S CRIER.

Love is lost, nor can his mother
Her little fugitive discover :
She seeks, she sighs, but nowhere spies him ;
Love is lost, and thus she cries him :
Oyez ! if any happy eye
This roving wanton shall descry,
Let the finder surely know
Mine is the wag ; 'tis I that own
The wingèd wanderer ; and that none
May think his labour vainly gone,
The glad descrier shall not miss
To taste the nectar of a kiss

From Venus' lips ; but as for him
 That brings him to me, he shall swim
 In riper joys : more shall be his
 (Venus assures him) than a kiss.
 But lest your eye discerning slide,
 These marks may be your judgment's guide :
 His skin as with a fiery blushing
 High-colour'd is ; his eyes still flushing
 With nimble flames ; and though his mind
 Be ne'er so curst, his tongue is kind :
 For never were his words in aught
 Found the pure issue of his thought.
 The working bees' soft melting gold,
 That which their waxen mines enfold,
 Flows not so sweet as do the tones
 Of his tuned accents ; but if once
 His anger kindle, presently
 It boils out into cruelty
 And fraud : he makes poor mortals' hurts
 The objects of his cruel sports.
 With dainty curls his foward face
 Is crown'd about ; but O, what place,
 What farthest nook of lowest Hell
 Feels not the strength, the reaching spell
 Of his small hand ? yet not so small
 As 'tis powerful therewithal.
 Though bare his skin, his mind he covers,
 And like a saucy bird he hovers

With wanton wing, now here, now there,
'Bout men and women ; nor will spare
Till at length he perching rest,
In the closet of their breast.
His weapon is a little bow,
Yet such a one as (Jove knows how)
Ne'er suffer'd yet his little arrow
Of Heaven's high'st arches to fall narrow.
The gold that on his quiver smiles,
Deceives men's fears with flattering wiles :
But O ! (too well my wounds can tell)
With bitter shafts 'tis sauced too well.
He is all cruel, cruel all ;
His torch imperious, though but small,
Makes the sun (of flames the sire)
Worse than sun-burnt in his fire.
Wheresoe'er you chance to find him,
Seize him, bring him (but first bind him),
Pity not him, but fear thyself ;
Though thou see the crafty elf
Tell down his silver drops unto thee :
They're counterfeit, and will undo thee.
With baited smiles if he display
His fawning cheeks, look not that way.
If he offer sugar'd kisses,
Start, and say, the serpent hisses.
Draw him, drag him, though he pray,
Woo, entreat, and crying say,

Prithee, sweet, now let me go,
 Here's my quiver, shafts, and bow,
 I'll give thee all, take all ; take heed
 Lest his kindness make thee bleed.

Whate'er it be Love offers, still presume
 That though it shines, 'tis fire, and will consume.

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

A SONG.

To thy lover
 Dear, discover
 That sweet blush of thine that shameth
 (When those roses
 It discloses)
 All the flowers that Nature nameth.

In free air
 Flow thy hair ;
 That no more Summer's best dresses
 Be beholden
 For their golden
 Locks to Phœbus' flaming tresses.

O deliver
 Love his quiver ;
 From thy eyes he shoots his arrows :
 Where Apollo
 Cannot follow :
 Feather'd with his mother's sparrows.

O envy not
(That we die not)
Those dear lips whose door encloses
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother pearls, and sister roses.

From these treasures
Of ripe pleasures
One bright smile to clear the weather.
Earth and Heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The air does woo thee,
Winds cling to thee ;
Might a word once fly from out thee,
Storm and thunder
Would sit under,
And keep silence round about thee.

But if Nature's
Common creatures
So dear glories dare not borrow ;
Yet thy beauty
Owes a duty
To my loving, lingering sorrow.

When to end me
Death shall send me

All his terrors to affright me :
Thine eyes' Graces
Gild their faces,
And those terrors shall delight me.

When my dying
Life is flying,
Those sweet airs that often slew me
Shall revive me,
Or reprieve me,
And to many deaths renew me.

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

Love now no fire hath left him,
We two betwixt us have divided it :
Your eyes the light hath reft him ;
The heat commanding in my heart doth sit.
O that poor Love be not for ever spoiled,
Let my heat to your light be reconciled.

So shall these flames, whose worth
Now all obscurèd lies,
(Dressed in those beams) start forth
And dance before your eyes.

Or else partake my flames
(I care not whether),
And so in mutual names
Of Love, burn both together.

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

Would any one the true cause find
How Love came naked, a boy, and blind ?
'Tis this : listening one day too long
To th' Syrens in my mistress' song,
The ecstasy of a delight
So much o'er-mastering all his might,
To that one sense made all else thrall,
And so he lost his clothes, eyes, heart, and all.

OUT OF CATULLUS.

Come and let us live, my dear,
Let us love and never fear
What the sourest fathers say :
Brightest Sol that dies to-day
Lives again as blithe to-morrow ;
But if we, dark sons of sorrow,
Set, O then how long a Night
Shuts the eyes of our short light !
Then let amorous kisses dwell
On our lips, begin and tell
A thousand, and a hundred score,
An hundred and a thousand more,
Till another thousand smother
That, and that wipe off another.
Thus at last, when we have numbered
Many a thousand, many a hundred,

We'll confound the reckoning quite,
And lose ourselves in wild delight :
While our joys so multiply
As shall mock the envious eye.

TO ÆLIA.

OUT OF MARTIAL.

Four teeth thou hadst that rank'd in goodly state,
Kept thy mouth's gate.
The first blast of thy cough left two alone,
The second, none.
This last cough, Aelia, cough'd out all thy fear,
Th' hast left the third cough now no business here.

—:0:—

Epigrams.

UPON FORD'S TWO TRAGEDIES, "LOVE'S SACRIFICE" AND "THE BROKEN HEART."

Thou cheat'st us, Ford ; mak'st one seem two by art :
What is Love's Sacrifice but The Broken Heart ?

ON MARRIAGE.

I would be married, but I'd have no wife ;
I would be married to a single life.

UPON THE FAIR ETHIOPIAN SENT TO A
GENTLEWOMAN.

Lo, here the fair Chariclia ! in whom strove
So false a fortune, and so true a love !
Now, after all her toils by sea and land,
O may she but arrive at your white hand.
Her hopes are crown'd, only she fears that then
She shall appear true Ethiopian.

UPON VENUS PUTTING ON MARS'S ARMS.

What ? Mars's sword ? fair Cytherea say,
Why art thou armed so desperately to-day ?
Mars thou hast beaten naked, and, O then,
What need'st thou put on arms against poor men ?

UPON THE SAME.

Pallas saw Venus armed, and straight she cried,
'Come if thou dar'st, thus, thus let us be tried.'
'Why, fool !' says Venus, 'thus provok'st thou me,
That being naked, thou know'st could conquer thee ?'

ON NANUS MOUNTED UPON AN ANT.

High mounted on an ant, Nanus the tall
Was thrown, alas ! and got a deadly fall :
Under th' unruly beast's proud feet he lies,
All torn ; with much ado yet ere he dies,
He strains these words : 'Base Envy, do, laugh on,
Thus did I fall, and thus fell Phaethon.'

Appendix.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS AND FELICITOUS PASSAGES FROM THE POEMS (SACRED AND SECULAR) OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

1. Weeping is the ease of woe.—*S. Mary Magdalene*, xiii.
2. The heaven-rebukèd shades.—*Sospetto d' Herode*, xv.
3. To dare something is some victory.*—*Sospetto d' Herode*, xxviii.
4. The common people of the skies.†—*Sospetto d' Herode*, xxx.
(Of the stars.)
5. The sweet peace of all-composing Night.
—*Sospetto d' Herode*, lxii.
6. Love, thou art absolute sole lord
Of life and death.—*Hymn to S. Teresa*, ll. 1-2.
7. 'Tis love, not years or limbs, that can
Make the Martyr or the man.—*Hymn to S. Teresa*, ll. 33-4.
8. Such thirsts to die as dares drink up
A thousand cold deaths in one cup.‡
—*Hymn to S. Teresa*, ll. 37-8.
9. Love is eloquence.
—*An Apology for the [Hymn to S. Teresa]*, l. 8.
10. Christ's faith makes but one body of all souls,
And Love's that body's soul. . . .
What soul so e'er, in any language, can
Speak Heaven like hers, is my soul's countryman.
—*An Apology for the [Hymn to S. Teresa]*, ll. 17-18, 21-22.

* Cf. Milton (*P. Lost*, II., 105), "Which, if not victory is yet revenge."

† This phrase also occurs in Sir Henry Wotton's poem on the Queen of Bohemia.

‡ Vaughan, the Silurist, has a somewhat similar couplet, but varying in thought:—

"I should perhaps eat orphans, and suck up
A dozen distress'd widows in one cup."—(*To Amoret Weeping*).

11. Whose high
Flights scorn the lazy dust, and things that die.
—*An Apology for the [Hymn to S. Teresa]*, ll. 27-28.

12. That fair-cheeked fallacy of fire.—*The Flaming Heart*, l. 4.

13. Heaven's great artillery.*—*The Flaming Heart*, l. 56.

14. O, see the weary lids of wakeful Hope.
—*To the Name of Jesus*, l. 142.

15. An universal synod of all sweets.
—*To the Name of Jesus*, l. 170.

16. A darkness made of too much day.†
—*In the Glorious Epiphany*, l. 18.

17. Aurora shall set ope
Her ruby casements.—*In the Glorious Epiphany*, ll. 69 70.

18. This precious loss.—*In the Glorious Epiphany*, l. 142.

19. A fair-eyed fallacy of Day.—*In the Glorious Epiphany*, l. 164.

20. Something a brighter shadow, Sweet, of Thee.
—*In the Glorious Epiphany*, l. 251.

21. Types yield to truths, shades shrink away,
And their Night dies into our Day.
—*Lauda Sion Salvatorem*, iv.

22. The timorous light of stars.
—*The Hymn “O Gloriosa Domina,”* l. 4.

23. Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep.‡
—*Description of a Religious House*, l. 16.

24. Love's great artillery.—*Prayer*, l. 18.

25. Fair Hope ! our earlier heaven, by thee
Young Time is taster to Eternity.—*Hope*, ll. 21-22.

26. Mighty Love's artillery.—*The Wounds of the Lord Jesus*, l. 2.

* An almost identical phrase occurs in *Paradise Lost*, ll., 715.

† Cf. Milton's “Dark with excessive bright,” of *Par. Lost*, III., 380: one of several of Milton's probable indebtednesses to the somewhat earlier Poet. Milton's great epic was originally published in 1667, whilst Crashaw's poem first saw the light in 1648.

‡ Quoted by Pope in *Eloisa to Abelard*, l. 212.

27. Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.*
 [The modest Nymph hath seen her God, and *blushed*.]
 —*Epig. Sac. : Aquae in vinum versae.*

28. Saepe dedit, quisquis saepe negata dedit.
 [He giveth oft who gives what's oft refused].
 —*Epig. Sac. : Christus Mulieri Canaaniac difficilior.*

29. Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note
 Through the sleek passage of her open throat :
 A clear, unwrinkled song.—*Musici's Duel*, ll. 37-39.
 (Of a nightingale.)

30. Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
 Are fanned and frizzled in the wanton airs
 Of his own breath.—*Musici's Duel*, ll. 115-117.

31. Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,
 Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup.
 —*Musici's Duel*, ll. 125-126.

32. The soft tincture of a tear.
 —“*If ever Pity were acquainted*,” l. 20.

33. Nothing speaks our grief so well
 As to speak nothing.
 —*Upon the Death of a Gentleman*, ll. 27-28.

34. Eyes are vocal, tears have tongues,
 And there be words not made with lungs ;
 Sententious showers, oh, let them fall,
 Their cadence is rhetorical.
 —*Upon the Death of a Gentleman*, ll. 31-34.

35. Haste hath never time to hear.
 —*Upon the Death of the most desired Mr. Herry's*, l. 63.

* This familiar Latin line has been variously Englished, partly owing to the misprint of 'Lymph'a' for 'Nympha' in many reprints of the epigram. The following versions may be noted :—

“The shy Nymph saw her God, and blush'd.”—(Grosart).

“The chaste Nymph hath seen her God, and blush'd.”—(Clark).

“The conscious water blushed its God to see.”—(Ash).

“The chaste nymph saw a God, and blusht for fear.”—(Barksdale).

“The element saw God, and blushed with awe”—(Hayley).

“The conscious water saw its God and blushed.”

“The bashful stream hath seen its God, and blushed.”—(Aaron Hill).

“The modest Nymph saw the god, and blushed.”

36. O Fate ! O Time !
 That seldom lett'st a blushing youthful prime
 Hide his hot beams in shade of silver age.
 —*Upon the Death of Mr. Herry's*, ll. 29-31.

37. These curtained windows, this retirèd eye
 Out-stares the lids of large-look'd Tyranny.
 —*Death's Lecture*, ll. 26-27.

38. Thou cheat'st us, Ford, mak'st one seem two by art :
 What is Love's Sacrifice but The Broken Heart ?
 —*Upon Ford's Two Tragedies*.

39. Dressed in the glorious madness of a Muse,
 Whose feet can walk the Milky Way, and choose
 Her starry throne.—*To the Morning*, ll. 23-25.

40. 'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
 If poor Love shall live or die.—*Love's Horoscope*, ll. 19-20.

41. A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine
 Through which all her bright features shine.
 —*In Praise of Lessius*, ll. 25-26.

42. A happy soul, that all the way
 To Heaven, hath a Summer's day.
 —*In Praise of Lessius*, ll. 33-34.

43. Sharp-sighted as the eagle's eye, that can
 Out-stare the broad-beamed day's meridian.
 —*Upon the Frontispiece of Dr. Isaacson's Chronology*, ll. 9-10.

44. Discern the dawn of Truth's eternal ray,
 As when the rosy Morn buds into Day.
 —*Upon the Frontispiece of Dr. Isaacson's Chronology*, ll. 13-14.

45. The modest front of this small floor,
 Believe me, Reader, can say more
 Than many a braver marble can :
*Here lies a truly honest man.**
 —*Epitaph on Mr. Ashton*, ll. 1-4.

* Cf. ll. 1-2 of Pope's *Epitaph on Elijah Fenton* :—

“This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
 May truly say, *Here lies an honest man.*”

46. Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible She,
That shall command my heart and me.—*Wishes*, ll. 1-3.
47. Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny.—*Wishes*, ll. 4-6.
48. Days, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow,
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49. Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say : ‘Welcome, friend.’
—*Wishes*, ll. 85-87.
50. Sidneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
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51. Whate'er delight
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